

# The Busy Bees

THE charge has been made against our boys that they are not nearly so industrious as the girls. Ever so many letters for the Busy Bee page are received each week from the girls, but the boys do not seem to be able to apply themselves to the task.

It is also true that the girls have received more prizes than boys, so that it seems to me that it behooves the boys to know that the charge is not substantiated by fact. Of course, it is not surprising that the girls read more and consequently write more than the boys do, but they had better look to their laurels.

Then there is the competition between the Red and the Blue sides. Sometimes the prize winners are mostly members of one side, then a change takes place, and the other side sends in the best stories. It has been a pretty even race until now. The Busy Bees must not neglect to state to which side they wish to belong when they write to the Busy Bee page.

This week, first prize was awarded to Mary Langdon; second prize to Lloyd Rowlett, and honorable mention to Harold Fast, all of the Red Side.

## Little Stories by Little Folk

(First Prize.)  
**An Enjoyable Visit.**  
By Mary Langdon, Aged 12 Years, Box 57, Angus Street, Gretna, Neb., Red Side.

A girl in our room proposed that we go to Omaha on an excursion and see the play "Little Women," and also visit some factories.

Eleven pupils and two teachers went. We first went to the stock yards in South Omaha, or rather rode through them; then we went to the Iren Biscuit company and were all through the building. We saw many interesting things. As we went on the guide explained everything to us. When we were going he gave us each three different kinds of crackers and two pennants.

Next we went to O'Brien's candy factory, where we were also treated respectfully and enjoyed our visit. We saw how all kinds of candy is made, and when we left there we went up toward the depot.

We then had our dinner and spent some time at the book and magazine departments.

Two girls after dinner went off from the rest of us and stayed for some time. This delayed us quite a little.

When they came back we went to the Kyrkendall shoe company and were shown through the factory there, and many things we didn't know were made known to us. We also saw interesting things, such as their huge spools of thread, sewing machines and other machinery.

We went to the Brandeis theater and saw the play. We all enjoyed it very much, and when it was over and we were out on the street it was quite dark.

Then we went off for ourselves to meet the teachers at an appointed place and time. We had a light supper and then went to the depot.

We were very tired when we boarded the train, but we had fun, too. At our depot there were our folks to meet us. We had had a nice time that day and were fully satisfied.

(Second Prize.)  
**Betty.**

By Lloyd Rowlett, Norfolk, Neb. R. F. D. Box 17, Red Side.

Betty is not a pretty dog. She is small and brown and fat, but you forget all this when you know her. Betty is the brightest dog I ever saw.

She is about 6 years old, and is a good playmate.

Betty owns a little hard ball. She plays "catch" and "hide-and-go-seek" with her friends.

She can march all the way across a room on her hind legs with the ball in her mouth.

Then she will lay it down by her master's feet.

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### ONE OF THE INDUSTRIOUS LITTLE BUSY BEES.



Lenore Pratt

of her time in the house.

But, alas! Like children she runs out in winter and catches cold.

Then she gets croup, and must wear a blanket and take medicine until she grows better.

If you call on me when Betty is well, I will send for her and we can have a same of hide-and-go-seek or foot ball with her.

(Honorable Mention.)  
**A Walk in the Woods.**

By Harold Fast, Aged 10 Years, White-wood, S. D. Box 32, Red Side.

One day I was following a little brook which led me by its singing to a deep jungle in the very heart of the big woods.

A great fallen tree lay across my path and I sat down on its mossy trunk to see who my neighbors might be and what little feet were passing on the highway.

Just in front of me was another fallen tree, lying alongside the stream, and under its roots, away from the brook, was a hidden and roomy little house, with hemlock tips drooping over the doorway for a curtain.

"A pretty place for a den," I thought. "For no one could ever find you there." Then I crawled in and went to sleep.

**Busy Bee Letter.**  
By Iva Thompson, Aged 10 Years, Loveland, Ia. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I am writing my first letter to the Busy Bees. I enjoy reading the children's pages. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I am a little girl and am 10 years old. I have two brothers. Their names are Willie and Hugh. I will close hoping to see my letter in print.

**Scout.**  
By Florence E. French, Aged 10 Years, Gillette, Wyo. Red Side.

My name is Scout. The children drive me to school. I do not like to be driven. One morning as the children were driving me to school I ran into the fence so I would not have to go to town.

She brings in the daily paper. She shuts the door for the mistress. She hunts in her master's pocket for a silver dollar.

Betty is a petted dog, and spends most of her time in the house.

But, alas! Like children she runs out in winter and catches cold.

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The children's names are Lorene, Ivah and Virginia French. I am 8 years old. The children have a Shetland pony. They have it for a pet. His name is Jimmy.

**The Selfish Girl.**  
By Edith Kenyon, Aged 11 Years, 2229 Cuming Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Once there was a girl named Elizabeth. Now this girl had a habit of being lazy and always saying, "Oh, I don't want to."

One day her mother said, "Elizabeth, please wash the dishes, because I do not feel well." But Elizabeth was reading an interesting story and said, "Oh, I don't want to."

So the mother, as sick as she was, washed the dishes.

When Elizabeth went to bed she dreamt that a fairy came to her and said, "Do you want to go with me?" Elizabeth said "yes," and so they went. Pretty soon they came to a little house which Elizabeth found was full of dirty dishes and two little children in the midst of them.

Then the fairy said to her, "I want these dishes done in ten minutes and if they are not done I'll change you into a fly."

When the fairy went away Elizabeth sat down and wept. Then the two little girls came up to her and said, "You had better wash the dishes or she will change you into a fly." Then Elizabeth said to them, "Will you help me?" "No, I don't want to."

"No, I don't want to!" "No, I don't want to!" was the reply of the little girls. Elizabeth started to wash the dishes. It took her all night to do it.

Then the fairy came and said, "I would not change you to a fly; I hope you will help your mother now." Elizabeth promised, so the fairy brought her back home. And Elizabeth helped her mother ever after and never said, "No, I don't want to."

**Our Pets.**  
By Vera Prior, Aged 9 Years, Council Bluffs, Ia. R. F. D. 4

One night on October 31, we went to a party. We stayed till about 12 o'clock. When we came home we found a little calf.

She is now my pet. I named her Spot. The five pigs are Lester's pets. Three of the pigs are red and two are black and white.

My little brother Ralph has a pet puppy. His name is Brownie. He was not our dog. He came to our house and Ralph claimed him. He is brown and white.

When the snow was on the ground, he was gone for two days. We could not find him anywhere, but when the snow melted, he came out from under the porch.

**Busy Bee Letter.**  
By Anna Barnhart, Aged 11 Years, 1124 North Twentieth Street, Omaha, Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I would like to join the Red Side. I have been reading the Busy Bee letters in the Omaha Bee every Sunday and I think them very interesting. I am 11 years old and in the fourth grade at Keelson school. I hope my letter escapes the waste paper basket.

**Life of a Cow Pony.**  
By Helen E. Swanson, 354 North Twenty-Second Street, Omaha, Blue Side.

Ginger was born, raised and died in Wyoming.

When Ginger was a year old she was run in off the range into the corral at the ranch, which bears the brand "bar II."

She was caught by the front feet by a rope which Jim the driver was put on her left side. The "bar II" was put on the right jaw. It was burnt on.

At the age of 3 she was caught again most impossible to eat in this cell. The condition was awful. It was still summer at this time and the heat during the day was unbearable. The odor of perspiration almost made me faint. Then again the sanitary arrangements were awful. For these seventy men there was only one convenience, placed in a corner. How I lived through it all I do not know. It was only my determination to see my family again that kept me alive.

I found out afterward that prisoners were supposed to remain here for thirty days. The object of it was to test their strength, and see whether they were fitted for the hardships of prison life. But many broke down entirely long before the thirty days were up.

All the time I was there I kept praying to God to strike me dead, to put an end to my sufferings. Life seemed too terrible.

When night arrived there was a rush among the prisoners to get a piece of the mattress. Of these there were only thirty among the seventy men. I could only get hold of a corner of one, just enough to place my head on. My neighbor was a prisoner in chains.

It was a cold night. I could not get warm. But one of the prisoners came to me and showed me how to make myself more comfortable. When he had gone the man in chains, who was shortly going to Siberia, began to talk to me. I could see that he wanted the whole mattress for himself. After a time he said, "Look here, you devil. Are you not afraid to sleep next to me? I could strangle you during the night with my chains," and he went to crush my throat with his hands.

I replied quietly, "Why should I be afraid of you? Why should you try to strangle me?"

No sooner had I said this, than a strong, well-built prisoner went up to him and gave him a terrible blow in the face.

"You dog, why should you try to strangle him? Has he done any harm? Don't you see that among us prisoners he is the only innocent one? He is miserable enough. Don't you try to make him any worse."

The man left me alone after that.

Sunday came, and I was called out of the cell by one of the warders. To my joy I was informed that my wife had been given permission to bring me food. I did not see her, but the food was given to me. As I went to take it, the chief warder punched me in the face, saying, "Dirty Jew. Eat and die. You see already how your fellow dogs of Jews in Kiev are collecting money to buy you good food."

But I did not mind his words. I was too happy to think that my wife was safe and watching over me.

One day one of the prisoners told me his story. He had been sentenced for theft. It seems that he had been a thief for years, but he fell in love with a good woman and made up his mind that he would steal no more. The marriage took place, and he did lead an honest life until his fellow thieves found him. He told them that he was an honest man. Their reply was that if he did not help them they would go and tell his wife all about his past life, and also give him away to the police.

He had no alternative; he went back to the old life, very unwillingly, but kept the secret from his wife. One day he was caught. His wife nearly died from the shock, but in prison he confessed everything to her and promised to lead a good life from then on.

"Now I know all," she said, "I can help you," and, as he told me, as soon as he obtained his release they were both going to leave Russia for America, "where," he said, "I can get honest work and earn my wife's respect."

His story made a great impression on me.

One morning a terrible row took place. In a few moments the entire seventy had joined in, and a vicious fight began. It was an absolute pandemonium, the din being indescribable.

Suddenly the door opened and the chief warder came in. He reported the disturbance to the governor, and as a result thirty of the men were flogged and the rest put on a special punishment diet, only black bread and water being allowed them. I had taken no part in the row, but I was punished like the rest.

**My Pet Pony.**  
By Dorothy Lutz, Aged 10 Years, Kearney, Neb.

My pony's name is Dixie. One day my brother had him on the front porch and we tried to get him down the stone steps, but he was afraid of them, so we took him clear through the house and into the kitchen. There were some dishes on the table and he rubbed for them and pulled them off. We do not let him on the floor and brook. When we started to take him down the back steps he gave a leap and a jump for the walk. When he gets out he will go down the road very swiftly and it is very hard to catch him.

**Busy Bee Letter.**  
By Alice Davenport, Aged 8 Years, 211 North Eighth Street, Norfolk, Neb.

Dear Busy Bee: I read the stories in the papers every week and like them. This is the first time I have ever written to the paper and hope to see my letter in print.

Jim, who had made up his mind to make a cow pony of her.

She was high strung and full of life. Jim always had a good reputation as being a good rider, but Ginger threw him off three or four times. Jim finally rode her and got her broke to ride without pitching. Then she knew he would not hurt her and he finally taught her to come to him from a large 70-acre pasture when he whistled for her.

She grew up to be a fine, active horse and as smart as she could be. She was the fastest horse in the country around at that time.

After a long ride one day she was turned into the pasture in the evening. She was standing close to the corral one morning with a broken leg. When Jim went to see what the trouble was she just whinnied and looked at him. She could not move. Jim just cried because he had to have his best horse shot. Jim was then losing the best horse in his string.

He now often says, "If I had Ginger I sure would go some over the range." It is often said, one who dies is soon forgotten, but not so with Jim. He often mentions her name, "Ginger."

**Eulalia's Good Fortune.**  
By Helen Stennett, Aged 10 Years, Red Oak, Ia., Route 8, Red Side.

Eulalia was a poor little girl only 5 years old. Her father was dead and her mother very ill. One day she was in the woods when she saw a rich girl, Eulalia went up to her and said, "I would not change you to a fly; I hope you will help your mother now." Elizabeth promised, so the fairy brought her back home. And Elizabeth helped her mother ever after and never said, "No, I don't want to."

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**Busy Bee Letter.**  
By Marion Love, Aged 8 Years, Kearney, Neb. Red Side.

Dear Busy Bee: I wish to join the Red Side. I am in the second grade. I have three teachers. Their names are Mr. Stryker, Miss Less and Miss Troupe. I read the Busy Bee page every Sunday.

**Busy Bee Letter.**  
By Geil Baldwin, Aged 13 Years, Herman, Neb. Blue Side.

I am 8 years old and I am in the fifth grade at school. I have a dog and his name is Billy. He can get in cows. I have a cat, too. Her name is Minnie. She can catch mice. Last night when my sister and I were in bed she caught

and a dog. He is very old. I go to school in Herman. At school we have lessons, lawn mowing and a merry-go-round. We do not have a school in a covered wagon. There are fifteen that ride in it. My sister and I take music lessons. I like to take music lessons. Well, I guess I will close and leave room for the rest. I hope my letter will be in print and escape Mr. Waste Basket.

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# Their Own Page

## Public School Roll of Honor

CHILDREN RECEIVING THE HIGHEST MARK IN MORE THAN HALF THEIR SUBJECTS LAST WEEK.

<b>LONG.</b> Eighth B. Louis Beveridge. Ninth B. Jessie Drago. Percy Gunner. Anna Hansen. Margaret Hilbert. Irene Klots. Ruth Smith. Eighth A. Ruth Barlow. Frances Hedonstrom. Ida Hong. Edwina Jeltz. Viola Overhauser. Frances Robb.	<b>SEVENTH A.</b> Carrolla Butt. Etta Davis. Mildred Peterson. Sixth A. Marcellus Anderson. Lester Eichmann. Laurine Gansow
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